

Hakuouki: Human Traffic

by tinkerheck

Category: HakuÅ•ki/è-„æ;æé¬¼

Genre: Romance, Suspense

Language: English

Characters: Okita S.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-04-07 08:51:23

Updated: 2012-04-07 08:51:23

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:33:55

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,316

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Okita's new girlfriend is somebody else's old one. And he can't wait until they collide. Completely AU.

Hakuouki: Human Traffic

DISCLAIMER: Hakuouki Shinsengumi Kitan and all its related media belong to the Goddess of Bishie Art, Kazuki Yone, and to Idea Factory, Sony, Studio DEEN, and Aksys Games. Probably a bunch of other folks, too. This is a work of Fan Fiction. No infringement intended. \*\*I spent money to learn about them, I earn no money in borrowing them.\*\*

AU: While this story steals \_some\_ plots from the anime & game, it goes pretty far out of whack beyond that. This story takes place in a modern timeline, in a non-descript country that is neither strictly Japanese nor strictly American. That's how it came to me, so I'm going with it.

I fly beta-less; forgive the typos and what-not, please. Thank you.

Rated M for language, violence & mature situations â€" I trust you all know exactly what that implies. That being said, if you are too young to read such things, CONSIDER YOURSELF WARNED AND TURN BACK.

NOTE: If you are a Chizuru hater, turn back now. I am very fond of her and there will be no bashing. Also, I didn't want to create an original character, so Sen is being used here, and she is \*almost\* completely OOC. She is not a demon princess, she's just a girl. In fact, all the characters are human. At least, at first.

All right, let's get this mess started...

â€¢

\_Hakuouki: Human Traffic\_

## Chapter One: Patient Playboy

â€¢

Okita Souji was a man of enormous patience.

Most people who knew Okita were simply acquainted with him, and they would never have agreed to that statement â€" given his tendency towards sudden emotional outbursts and a violent temper. He only showed such behavior when provoked, but unfortunately the behavior was what most people remembered about him.

Those rare few that knew Okita as well as he knew himself could absolutely testify to his patience. \_They\_ would describe a man who was genial, generous, protectiveâ€| a man that would sit and wait for a week if need be to get what he wanted.

Some people would call that patient. But Okita's best friend since the third grade, Shinsengumi Fraternity Brother, and preferred sparring partner Saitou Hajime, would definitely use the word \_stubborn\_. Then again, the only two people in the Shinsengumi Chapter of Nihon University that would dare challenge either Okita or Saitou to a sparring match with any hope of winning wereâ€| Okita and Saitou.

So in Okita's opinion, \_Saitou\_ was the stubborn one.

They met as children, when Okita and his older sister Mitsu had been forced to sell the family home and move into a seedy apartment in the poorer part of Nihon City after their folks had died in a car accident. Saitou and his mother lived in the same apartment building, on the same floor. The two boys found common ground right away when, on his first day there, Okita went outside to goof off and found some older children bullying Saitou about being illegitimate. He was holding his own against them considering he was small for his age, but there were five of them, \_and\_ they were taking turns. Okita, a natural born hater of injustice, got angry and jumped in, and between the two of them they kicked the crap out of the bullies.

A few days later, Saitou had been the one who found Okita crying over his parents. Not even Mitsu knew he'd ever shed tears, because Okita was determined not to burden her with more than she already had to carry. Instead of teasing him for being a weakling like most boys would have done, Saitou sat down next to Okita and put his arm over his shoulder. He never said a word, but he didn't leave him alone, either; he just let Okita cry until he was done.

After that, a fast friendship was born, and it blossomed into the longest, strongest relationship either one of them has ever had. They were inseparable. They were in the same grade and attended the same school. While looking through the windows of a dojo one afternoon, they discovered more common ground: they both loved katanas â€" the history, the purpose, the art of wielding a sword. Once Mitsu and Okame, Saitou's mother, found out about that, they both scraped up enough money to get the boys enrolled in classes.

It was like lightning had struck. Both boys showed great ability

right off, and they were fiercely competitive with each other. No one else in their class could beat them, so they pretty much only trained with each other. Their styles were completely different, but they complimented each other's moves perfectly. They never got mad at each other, no matter who won, or how many bruises they walked away with. Their Sensei would tell Mitsu and Okame that to watch them spar with bokken was like watching a spontaneous, beautiful dance. One in which the dancers were completely unaware of anything except each other, and their weapons. He didn't tell the two women that he was a little terrified of what was going to happen when they graduated to holding actual katanas.

The bullies left them alone, and knowing their potential, their Sensei was smart enough to teach them about a lot more than just swordplay. They were courteous, intelligent and productive young men, and getting better every day.

Two years before finishing high school, Mitsu got engaged. Her new husband wanted her to move away with him to his home town, a suburb forty miles south of Nihon. She agonized over telling Okita, fearing how he would react to yet another move. But Okita and Saitou beat her to the punch, making their own decision to move Okita's things into Okame's apartment. They both had jobs at the dojo after school by then, so Okita's pay would contribute to Okame's budget, and would offset any extra expenses he'd put on her. They doubled up in Saitou's room. It was cramped, but they didn't give a damn " as long as they could stay friends, that was all that mattered. Mitsu and Okame simply shrugged their shoulders and accepted it. It wasn't the first time those two had put their heads together and made a unified decision without consulting anyone else, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

Their personalities couldn't have been more different. Okita was open, charming, forward, and flippant without being offensive " as in, most of the time he made people laugh. Saitou was reserved, shy, intense and exceedingly polite. Yet somehow, they fit. One very major difference that became clear in their last year of high school was their love lives. Okita knew early on that he was bisexual. He never hid it, and for the most part he never got grief for it. But he was also a player. There were no serious loves in his life, but there were a lot of them.

Saitou, on the other hand, never showed much interest in dating, although there were plenty of girls interested in dating him. He was shy to begin with, yes, but he also saw such attachments as a distraction that took him away from the most important thing in his life: swordplay. Years later, as fourth years at Nihon University, Okita was pretty sure that Saitou's virginity was still intact. In fact, he didn't even know if Saitou liked girls, or guys, or what.

They entered university together, Okita with an undeclared major, and Saitou settling on mathematics. They immediately joined the NU Martial Arts Team. Early on they stood out, and caught the eyes of the Shinsengumi officials. They were promptly invited to join the fraternity in their first year, and they never looked back.

It was the ideal situation for them both. They were in the same house, and didn't have to room with a stranger. Saitou relished the fact that there was a dojo right in the frat house, with grad

students eager to introduce him to new techniques. Okita loved being so close to the nightlife that he could walk home after barhopping. They saw each other every day and got to spar as often as they wanted. By their third year, it was clear they were the best swordsmen in the house, with only one of the grad students as an exception.

His name was Hijikata, and no one was foolish enough to challenge him, not even Okita.

Of course, the strong bond between Okita and Saitou had helped now that they were, technically, partners in crime. That was the most unexpected and enjoyable aspect of their life as students. The Shinsengumi didn't quite fit the profile of your average university fraternity. Not many people were privy to the fact that they were not simply a university organization, they were also a well-organized vigilante group, loyally dedicated to the protection of Nihon's civilian population " and Nihon was a city that was filled to the brim with crime.

This was a frat house that was filled with secrets, even within the organization. Only a select few knew about their 'extra curricular activities'. These were, at present, the three grad students that ran the house, the alumni that still ran the entire group, or in Okita's case, the fourth years that had been lucky enough to be welcomed into the fold and got to stay in the Shinsengumi Fraternity.

Toshido Hijikata, Sannan Keisuke and Nagakura Shinpatchi were the graduate students currently living on the fifth floor. The rooms weren't any better up there than they were on the fourth floor, which was where Okita now got to live, and there weren't many more perks other than the grad student responsibilities were massive. Nagakura was in his first year of graduate studies, having filled the bland but much-needed role of House Treasurer with his pursuit of Accounting, with a minor in Business. That made him the youngest Commander of the three, mainly working as an assistant to either Hijikata or Sannan Keisuke. Hijikata, Shinsengumi President, and Keisuke Sannan (everyone called him Sannan-San), Vice-President, had grown up together, and considered themselves brothers before they were even in a fraternity together. They were both in their third year of graduate studies. Sannan-San was considered the scholar in the house, majoring in pharmaceutical engineering. He was quiet and occasionally creepy, but also could be quite affectionate " which led most members to avoid him, because they were never sure which Sannan-San was going to talk to them on any given day.

Hijikata, however, was considered the de facto leader simply by virtue of his strong personality. Despite being a literature major " poetry of all things was his focus " he was nearly always angry and kept a tight hold on the house rules and its members. The fact of the matter is that he cared very deeply for his brothers, considered their welfare his greatest responsibility, and didn't relish sending them out on dangerous missions. As a result, he had to be very hard on them. Breaking the rules could cost them their lives, and that was unacceptable to Hijikata.

The majority of the Shinsengumi brotherhood was unaware of the elitist vigilante goings-on, and they took to calling Hijikata a demon behind his strong back, simply because he was such a hard-ass all the time. Okita Souji did not get along with him at all, despite

the fact that it had been Hijikata that had sponsored his entry onto the fourth floor. Okita didn't bother with calling Hijikata a demon, and several other names as well, behind his back. He did it right to his Commander's face.

It didn't help that some time back Hijikata had fallen in love their housemaid, Yukimura Chizuru, who worked herself very hard for the fraternity, and was now everyone's darling. Okita was particularly fond of her, having initially considered her a potential girlfriend when they first met. Eventually they figured it out that they were just friends, but close friends, and remained so even after Hijikata confessed his feelings to her and they became serious. She was very well trustedâ€¦ She knew exactly where the blood stains came from when she did their laundry, and she knew how to keep quiet about it.

Okita and Chizuru were often found laughing when together, and that drove Hijikata crazy, because he simply couldn't be the guy who laughed, and Okita seemed to do it without effort. In fact, Okita's laugh was melodic and distinct, it stood out, just like everything else about him. Hijikata was actually the drop dead gorgeous one by comparison, but Okita always got plenty of tail â€" girls and guys for that matter â€" because his charm was completely irresistible.

In the end it didn't matter how close Chizuru and Okita were because while Okita took advantage of whatever he could do to anger Hijikata, he also knew that his Commander and Chizuru belonged together.

There were other members, older men that lived outside of the house. Shimada Kai taught bare-handed self defense at the school's annex. Inoue Genzaburo was a local accountant who worked closely with Nagakura. He had his way of knowing whose dirty hands the drug and prostitution money in Nihon was being placed into. And Doctor Ryojun Matsumoto, a surgeon, always lent his skills to the fraternity â€" all three of them Nihon University graduates and Shinsengumi alumni.

And the silent head of this organization? Shinsengumi alumnus and insanely rich Nihon University Professor of Political History, Kondou Isami, a man that liked everybody and everybody liked him back. Okita was particularly fond of Kondou, as he had taken an interest in the promising young man early on, Kondou had taken Okita under his wing and had given him extra training in his private dojo with weaponry that could not be considered legal. True, he had taught Okita how to kill a man over a hundred different ways, but more importantly, Kondou Isami had filled the role of father for Okita Souji. For that reason alone he worshipped Kondou and would cut down anyone who spoke ill of him. Okita often wondered how Kondou managed to keep their other, more secret activities hidden from his wife's keen eyes.

There were always a decent number of students who initially got into the Shinsengumi fraternity, but fewer still remained brothers by the time they were third years. The fourth year, however, was the year that saw the wheat cut from the chafe.

All brothers of the Shinsengumi knew about the harsh 'fourth year cuts' before they even got into the fraternity as a first year. Publically, it was seen as the last trial to still be a frat boy.

What they didn't know was that those cuts were also an opportunity to become a member of the Shinsengumi vigilante. Therefore, the third years selected by the graduate students and the alumni were very carefully chosen " not just for their grades and contributions, the normal things a fraternity looks for, but also for special things that were not found in your average fraternity by-laws" like having the guts and the physical skills necessary to go up against the bad guys. The ability to keep a secret without fail. The stamina to hold up under enormous psychological pressures. The willingness to die for your brothers. And most importantly, a burning desire to serve up some cold, hard justice to the scumbags that were destroying the streets of Nihon and tyrannizing the weak.

In fact, the leaders of the Shinsengumi were so meticulous in their fourth year choices that no student ever got that far and turned them down, even after learning the rather dark and certainly illegal secret of their fraternity.

When Okita got to the end of his third year at Nihon, he was among only eleven other third years vying to remain in the Shinsengumi. And the ones that had made the cut were Okita, Saitou, and Yamazaki Susumu.

Good marks, hard training and patience had finally seen Okita and Saitou move into the elite level of membership within the Shisengumi. Getting that far meant a private room with your own bath on the fourth floor of the massive, ancient frat house. Chizuru cleaned their rooms and did their laundry. They had longer curfew privileges. They could 'entertain' guests overnight (provided they obeyed the noise and privacy rules). And best of all, wealthy Kondou Isami now footed the bill for silly things like your tuition and living expenses " all that, once you reached Okita's level.

The other fourth year, Yamazaki Susumu, was fiercely loyal to Hijikata and did any dirty work the man gave him without complaint or question, and as a result of wanting to make himself more useful to Hijikata, became the only one in the organization who had learned the ninja arts, and he had done so all on his own.

Yamazaki had come from a very modest farming family in a community outside of Nihon proper. For reasons unknown to the Shinsengumi, he never had any contact with his family " Yamazaki was an intensely private person and didn't speak about his past all that much. In fact, he didn't speak that much to anyone about anything at all, with the exceptions of Okita, Saito and Hijikata.

The young man's grades and his drive had gotten him into Nihon on a full scholarship, and he was one of the only two Shinsengumi brothers headed for a PhD in a medical field. His chosen major was general pathology, so he had fallen into the role of house medic and worked closely with Doctor Matsumoto as well. (Sannan Keisuke was the other medical major, but given his interest in experimental pharmaceuticals, he could hardly be called a physician who had taken an oath to 'first do no wrong'.) Yamazaki had become good friends with both Okita and Saitou, so with the three of them alone on the fourth floor, it was a pretty good place for Okita to be.

A third year, Harada Sanosuke, and a second year, Toudou Heisuke, were already getting noticed" but the bottom line was that although Sanosuke was taller than any of them, even muscle-obsessed Nagakura,

he had a year yet to go, and Heisuke was simply still too young, both in body \_and\_ mind.

Okita had slid into the role of vigilante with ease. Sometimes he even acted as assassin. \_You're a secret agent\_, he thought with glee. Yet to look at Okita now, sitting on a barstool in a just-off-campus dive, watching a pretty little bartender with his sharp green eyes, you would not assume he was such a man, nor could you call him anything less than patient.

â€

He'd been there most of the evening; his original intent to find a nice girl or boy, take that person back to his private room in the frat house, fuck them senseless, then call a cab for the satisfied, warm mess of a human that had the good luck to grace his bedâ€ and never see them again. It was his usual Friday night fare.

Okita's Saturdays were reserved for sleeping in, sparring with Saitou, going out to lunch with Saitou, training with Saitou, going out to dinner with Saitou, sparring with Saitou again, then watching a movie with Saitou, then bed, \_alone\_. Sunday was for studying, sleeping, and more studying.

Okita loved girls, he loved guys, but perhaps it was most fair to say that he simply loved \_sex\_. Given his commitments to training, the Shinsengumi, his education and his intense friendship with Saitou, sex was his only vice and the perfect cleansing release. Since Friday night was his only chance to get laid, he was not about to change a successful game plan now, no matter how much the training-obsessed Saitou begged him to stay in so they could hit each other over the head with their bokkens.

This particular night, Okita got distracted early on, and no matter how many other prospective bed-mates he flirted with, he couldn't get the pretty new bartender out of his mind. So he took a stool at the end of the bar and started talking to her, learning her name was Sen. To his great luck, Sen didn't shut him down, and she had turned out to be fun to flirt with. That was three hours ago and she was about to end her shift, so he was about to make his play.

She wiped the bar down one last time and turned to face him after stowing the soggy bar towel in the used bin.

"Wellâ€ It's nearly midnight. I need to declare my tips and stuff before I clock out. It was really nice to meet you, Okita-san, but I must get home. The bar will be open until two, though, so feel free to stayâ€"

She drifted off, and began rummaging through her tip jar, apron and pockets, preparing to count out her tip money. She was looking away from him, but Okita smiled affectionately at her and spoke using a very direct tone.

"\_Nanda\_,\_ O-Sen-chan, you insult my intelligence. Why would I want to sit in this bar until two am when the one person I want to keep talking with is leaving?"

She looked up immediately and met his eyes, her own sparkling.

"Okita-san! You're a very direct person, aren't you?"

Normally Okita would be worried that he was about to be tossed off after hearing such a statement, but Sen's voice was laced with the same flirtatious tone she'd been trading with him all night long.

"Am I wasting my time?" he asked, smirking.

Although he had succeeded in making her blush, to his delight Sen didn't suddenly turn shy. Smiling warmly at him, she simply replied, "Probably not!" They stared at each other shamelessly for a moment longer before she finally added, "I don't have a car. Would you like to walk me home after I clock out?"

â€¢

When he finally strolled into the frat house that morning, Okita was greeted by a very worried Saitou pacing in the common room. The dark-haired young man took one look at Okita, scrutinized his rumpled clothes and casual demeanor, and heaved a deep sigh.

"I am relieved," was all he said.

Okita nodded, touched as always by his best friend's concern. Yamazaki Susumu popped his head up over the back of the couch he had been dozing on.

"\_Finally\_, you brat. I've been keeping poor Hajime company since my shift ended at the hospital two hours ago. You ever hear of a \_phone, \_ Souji-kun?"

Okita winced. "Yeah. My bad. I'm sorry, both of you," he said sheepishly, scratching his head and glancing at Saitou. "I should have called you. I know. But, well! the evening kinda got ahead of me and this girl I bought a cab ride for, and, um!"

"Oh, \_gods!\_" Susumu grunted as he stood up, "like I need to hear any more of \_that\_. I'm going to bed... and Hajime," he said, looking pointedly at his frat brother, "you should too." He turned to look at Okita before bounding up the stairs, and said, "You know Okita! you really \_suck \_sometimes, you man-whore."

Okita laughed. For whatever reason, he and Susumu were often at each other's throats, but underneath it all they truly were good friends.

Saitou still looked worried, or maybe angry " it was hard to tell with him.

"You're mad." It wasn't a question.

Saitou pursed his lips. "No, \_ Okita," he started, sighing again. "I'm \_tired\_, actually. When two am came and went and I didn't hear you come in, I texted you! and three more times after that. When you didn't respond, I found I couldn't sleep because I was wondering if you were in trouble. So, I'm going to skip our first training session. Go talk that Heisuke kid into it, he's stupid enough to try and play with you. I'll see you later, Okita." He turned and began to



climb the stairs.

"Ah â€" for \_lunch\_, neh?" Okita asked, his own voice laced with worry over having upset Saitou.

Saitou stopped on the stairs, but didn't look back at him.

"If I have an appetite, I'll go out for lunch, yes. But Souji-kunâ€|"

Okita tilted his head at Saitou's back, happy at least that he was using his first name again. He waited, patiently, for Saitou to finish. Surprisingly, he turned to face him when he spoke again.

"Justâ€| stay away from Hijikata. He and Chizuru are fighting again so he is already in a foul mood. Susu and I covered for you this morning at breakfast, but if he finds out you broke curfew, \_again\_, you know he'll be harsh."

"Arigato, Hajime-kun. I owe you. I will \_always\_ owe you," Okita nodded, adding, "and Hijikata does not scare me."

"I know that, but he still has the power to kick you out of the frat house, no matter how valuable you are to the Shinsengumi. The \_new\_ group, I mean. Your grades were not exactly exemplary last month, and if you make him any angrier, he might just use that as an excuse. Be careful, brother."

With that, Saitou turned and left Okita standing at the foot of the stairs in the common room and went up to his private room on the fourth year's floor for a much needed nap.

Left without his best friend's company, Okita had a few choices in front of him now. He could blow off the morning's training session in favor of sleeping, but he'd have to give Hijikata an excuse if he did that. He could find Heisuke and torture the poor boy for a few hours in the dojo â€" always fun, but Sen had stolen quite a bit of his energy away from him last night â€" \_not that I'm complaining, oh no â€"\_ and he needed to recharge. Or, he could go find Chizuru, who was probably already hard at work in the laundry room, crying her eyes out over Hijikata's insensitive nature or something like that. He could talk her into making him breakfast while giving her his shoulder to cry on in return.

In the end he decided on Chizuru. For one thing, Okita kind of hated Hijikata, and it angered their leader that Okita was so protective of \_his\_ girlfriend, so that was a plus. But more importantly, he loved their little maid and hated seeing her cry. Which happened often, given Hijikata's foul temper.

â€¢

"Are you sleeping with him?" asked Hijikata quietly, and his face could only be described as stormy yet sullen.

Chizuru slammed her comb down on the dresser in their room on the fifth floor, and stomped over to where he was laying on the bed in his sleeping yukata, watching and waiting for her to join him. He admired her gait, the way her thick hair swished back and forth, her

nicely shaped legs, the way her tiny t-shirt was riding up her stomach, and the pink nail polish on her fingernails as they whizzed past his eyes just before she slapped him hard across the face.

"\_Nan\_de..." he muttered, closing his eyes and cupping his cheek over the stinging mark she had left. "Yeah. Okay. I deserved that."

"You bet you did, mister," she barked, climbing into the bed next to him and deliberately not making contact. She pulled her share of the covers over her, plus some of his, and rolled away from him.

"Oh, \_come on \_Chizuru. I'm gonna get cold!"

"You \_\*\*bet\*\*\_you are, mister!" she yelled, yanking the pull chain on the lamp on her nightstand, sending the room into darkness. There was near-silence for a long time. Nothing more than the sound of the fob on the end of the chain striking the ceramic base of the lamp in an ever-slowng rhythm could be heard. Then, stupidly, Hijikata spoke.

"I did apologize, you know."

"You did not."

"Yes I did!" he bellowed.

"Yelling at me is going to get you nowhere. In fact I might just go sleep on the fourth floor if you do it again."

"You most certainly will \_not\_, " he hissed.

"You don't get to order me around. I am \_not\_ a member of the Shinsengumi." He took a breath to answer her, then thought better of it. "And if you yell at me one more time tonight I will mess up your laundry \_so badly\_ that \_no one\_ will take you seriously anymore, not even that Heisuke kid. Can you say '\_pink tie-dyed hakama'?"\_

Hijikata thought seriously before responding.

"All right. I am not yelling. I am not even being cranky," which was true, his voice had grown softer. "But I \_did\_ apologize."

"Hijikataâ€|" she sighed, and it was a long-suffering noise. "You apologized for what you did to me this \_morning\_, remember? For making me \_cry?"\_

He winced. He never should have berated her for being late with the morning linens for the first and second year's bathroom â€" she washed the towels and cleaned the huge bathrooms and hallways for the entire frat house, but she did \_not\_ touch their stinky clothes or clean their disgusting frat rooms. Those privileges were reserved for the new group \_only\_, \_and\_ they had enough sense to respect how much she was actually doing for them by not leaving dirty dishes, skid-marked underwear and used condoms laying around everywhere in their private rooms. She didn't even \_go\_ in the lower level frat rooms out of fear of what she might find.

Chizuru always had too much to do yet she always managed to get it done, but the fact was someone had to be last. And it was bad enough Hijikata had yelled at her for being late with their towels after the underclassmen whined about it, but like a complete fool he did it in \_front\_ of them.

"Yeah," he muttered, feeling bad again, the memory of her tear-stained face and puffy red eyes plaguing his thoughts. Not to mention the fact that both Okita and Sannan-San ganged up on him and tore him a new one later in the day when they found out about it. And because he was totally guilty, he'd let them. "I know, and again, I'm sorry I did that. You absolutely have the authority to put the boys in their place all the way up to the fourth years, and I kinda undermined that."

"\_Kind of?"\_ she asked, venom in her tone.

"Did! Did, did, did, not kind of, \_did."\_ He winced, waiting for her to reply.

"You \_bet\_ you didâ€¦| \_mister,"\_ she finally muttered. "And I hate to break it to you, but you still haven't finished apologizing."

Hijikata sighed. "For what? I really don't know what I did this time, Chizuru."

She tried to contain her anger as she ground her words out through clenched teeth. "You just asked me. If I am having. Sex. With. \_Souji."\_ She waited a beat, then added, "You \_moron.\_ How \_dare\_ you."

He winced again. Bringing down drug lords, assassinating murderous pimps, working outside of the law, all that was easyâ€¦| but this love shit was \_tricky\_.

â€¦

\_tbc\_

â€¦

If you read it, please review it. Thanks!

End  
file.